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Summary:

Chrissy gets a call from Billy, which is odd enough. The turn it takes surprises them both.

call on me

There was always going to be some sort of blow up between them, time could only tell as to when it would happen. The argument in the car, Billy's biting words and her refusal to take his shit, all was in the stars. Chrissy knew this, and she knew that if he apologized, asked for forgiveness, she was enthralled enough to give it to him.

The phone call wasn't something she expected. An olive branch, she suspected, lips pursing after his voice crackles over the phone. Billy wasn't a phone person. Hell, he really wasn't an in-person person either, but at least he seemed more present then. Him calling meant he knew how badly he messed up after school today.

"You know, I saw Dan staring at you today," he chimed in after a few beats of silence. Chrissy could hear the faint riffs of Black Sabbath in the background. "For how bad you broke up with him, it's weird to see him pining after you."

"He's not pining," she dismissed, flipping onto her back. "Dan's just sad his jerk-off material is gone."

"That bad, huh?"

"I wasn't kidding when I said I got nothing out of it," Chrissy snorted. "Kinda stupid that I put up with it for as long as I did."

Billy laughed and she could almost imagine his eyes creasing, white teeth on full display as his tongue swiped along the ridges. "You two were together for two weeks, Chris. What, you should've ended it on day two?"

"Maybe!" she blurted out as he laughed again. "And stop laughing at me, it's rude."

"Sorry," came his voice, still riddled with glee. "It's just funny you'd put up with a guy like him when I've been here the whole time."

A breath caught in her chest, shooting white energy into her core. The tone in his voice was so smug Chrissy almost wanted to smack

him through the phone. "... Yeah?"

"Yeah. You know, if you let me," he said, voice going quieter; deeper, "I could do things that would make you forget he ever existed."

A familiar knot tied itself in her stomach, clenching her insides in need. A hand cupped the receiver, pulling it away from her ear to make sure the rest of the house was asleep. As soon as she had a sense of security in the quiet, she settled back into her pillows.

"And what things are those?" she answered, shifting her clear phone to the other ear.

"Ever had someone fuck you while your panties were still on?"

"No," was her meek answer.

"I've wanted to for the past few months," he murmured. "It's hard not to want to fuck against the lockers every time you press those tits of yours against my arm."

"So you noticed that, huh?" she breathed, a smile teasing on her lips. "You know, since that party we met at, I've been wondering how much it drives you crazy not being able to touch them."

"I get to touch 'em now and they still drive me crazy." There's a pause, a shaky breath laced with the inklings of a moan. "Fuck, I wish you could see what just *thinking* about your tits does to me."

She was silent for a moment, throat full of her thumping heart and cunt aching from the sounds he was making in between the filth he spoke.

"They feel even better without a bra on, trust me," Chrissy said matter of factly.

"I remember last week when you had that sheer bra on with the white shirt," he murmured, the grin in his voice. "I could see your nipples the whole fucking day. All I could think about was introducing them to my tongue."

That was enough to get a quiet whine out of Chrissy. Billy gave a

small laugh, deep and wicked, before letting her hear a shudder of a moan.

"What are you doing?" she asked, feigned innocence dripping off every syllable. Her fingers slipped down to her underwear, the fabric of her nightie crumpling up her stomach as she toyed her fingers against her clit through the cotton.

"You know *exactly* what I'm doing," came the low answer.

Toes curled and knees pressed together as a rush of heat enveloped her again. She wondered what he looked like right now, how his cock looked with his hand wrapped around the shaft. She'd seen the outline of it bulging against his jeans more than a few times, begging to be touched and slipped between her thighs. Chrissy let out a needy moan, fingers slipping past her underwear to twirl against her folds at the thought.

"What're you thinking about?" Billy rasped, his own breath loud and halted against the phone.

"You," she admits, a tinge of embarrassment in the truth that she spoke. "How hard you are. Kind of jealous of your hand right about now."

"You wouldn't have to be if you'd just let me fuck you already." There was a pause, shifting and ragged breaths taking resident in her brain that only served to drive her crazier. "Maybe instead of bowling, I'll just make you ride my fingers until you beg for my cock."

"That's not fair," she protested.

"Who said I was gonna be fair?" he chuckled, giving another muted moan. "How many of my fingers do you think your pussy can handle, hm? One? Two?"

"How many would it take to get me off?"

She could barely hear him mutter '*fuck*' under his breath, his breathing picking up pace.

"Just one. You won't be able to think straight when I'm done with you."

The confidence in his answer sent a shiver down her back. Her core tightened as her fingers quickened their dance against the hood of her clit, her quiet gasps only serving to pull raspy exhales on the other end of the line.

"Hold on," she said, biting her lip as she shifted around. "I wanna try something. Just listen, okay?"

She let the phone receiver settle against her thigh as her other hand started its work again. Her fingers slid in and out of her slit, the sheer amount of slickness from his words audible with each thrust of her slim fingers. The phone made it way back to the crook of her neck, her noises littering the line.

"That," she said, teasing out the syllables, "is how wet you made me without even being here."

"Fuck," he breathed, barely audible. "Jesus *fuck*, you do that again, I'm gonna cum."

That was enough to get a giggle out of Chrissy, her bottom lip pressed between her teeth as she continued to play with herself. "I think I'm gonna make you cum anyway."

"Chris, let me hear it. I'm so fucking close."

"You can hear it tomorrow."

A frustrated groan came from the phone, only serving to heighten the power trip she was on. The dizzying amount of noise from Billy and the thought of him pounding into her instead of her own fingers finally brought about the wave of heat she'd been slowly seeking. She rode through it, the pulsing between her legs shooting up through the rest of her body as she let out a muffled cry through her bitten lips.

He knew what that sound meant, another needy sound coming over the line. "Such a little slut, letting me listen to you cum. You gonna make the same sound when I fuck you tomorrow?"

"Think louder," she cooed, the shudder of her breath raking across her words.

"I'm almost there," he grunted. "Tell me what you'll feel like."

"I'll fit like a fucking glove," she half whispered, the purr in her voice enough to coax another shuddering moan from Billy between the deep breaths hitting the phone. She let the receiver rest once more against her leg as her wetness and her fingers created the obscene, tantalizing noise he had begged for earlier. A benevolent act she thought worthy of the poor boy who'd given her the gift of release only moments before. She gave him a few seconds before she pulled the phone back up to her ear. It was just in time to hear him heave one last groan out, dripping with curses and her name. That was enough to light another fire in her belly, one she would have to put out herself.

There were no words, just his breathing coming to a more even measure.

"You still alive?" Chrissy asked, a smile playing on her lips.

"Barely," Billy answered. There was a tentative pause. "You sure you don't wanna just find a closet at school tomorrow?"

"Very sure."

"Ugh, fine," came the almost whining reply. "Just know I'm gonna be thinking about this all day."

"I would hope so," she grinned, settling back into her pillows. "You're not gonna be the only one."

There was another pause. All Chrissy could think of in that moment was how much she wished she could kiss him and see the look in those ocean eyes.

"I'm gonna go," he finally said, tiredness starting to lace his voice. "I'll see you tomorrow morning."

"Okay," Chrissy said, taking in the last bits of his breathing over the phone. "Sleep tight."

He laughed. "I don't think I'm gonna sleep much tonight. But, good night."